You were almost at the trailer park when the sky started to darken. You sped up a little, hoping you could get to Eddie's before it started. But luck wasn't on your side that day, so you had to start running the moment you stepped out of the car, hoping not to slip and fall face down onto the grass.

"*Eddie, open the fucking door! I'm about to catch the nastiest cold of my life!*" He didn't take long to obey, and opened as you were about to knock.

"*Shit, you're dripping wet, let me go get you a shirt or something. Wait here.*"

He closed the door behind you and walked to his room. You just stood there, waiting for him to come back, thinking about how that was the second time Eddie had had to lend you some clothes, but for much less embarrassing reasons. The first was at a party, which he didn't usually attend, but he did go to that one for some reason. You had been drinking pretty heavily that night, and somehow ended up spilling a whole cup of fruit punch on yourself. Eddie, who was around when that happened, lent you his Hellfire shirt without thinking much of it. No one really cared about another shirtless dude at a party, but you were mortified; going around with Eddie's shirt on, everyone staring at it, gossiping. But the worst part is, you couldn't think about anything else than how *warm* his shirt felt around you, drenched in the smell of a weird combination between cigarettes and something metallic.

"*Here you go.*" Eddie's voice took you out of your trance. He threw the shirt your way, which you failed to catch, and it ended up smacking you in the face. "*Great reflexes, sweetheart.*"

"*Stop mocking me, you asshole. I wasn't paying attention.*" Eddie turned around while you undressed, searching for a couple of beers and something to snack on while you two got high, which very probably was going to happen. Once you put the shirt on, you realized it was really long, reaching to almost your knees. "*Dude, is it okay if I take off my pants? The shirt covers me up pretty well.*"

"*Yeah, do whatever you want, it's not like there's much to see anyway.*" ***Ouch*** you thought. You were used to him teasing you, but you didn't need yet another sign of how uninterested he was in you, much to your dismay. You didn't answer anything back, just took your pants and shoes off silently

The sound of rain pounding on the windows filled the room, and Eddie was about to say something when it started to thunder. His face dropped in a matter of seconds, which scared you a little. Lightning struck again; he didn't look startled any more, he looked straight up terrified.

"*Eddie?*" You walked towards him, reaching out to put a hand on his shoulder. He flinched, making you regret your decision instantly. He might have been able to tell you felt guilty, because he muttered an apology. He still looked like he was scared shitless, breathing a little heavily. You tried to say something when the sound of yet another thunder roared through the walls, making the floor tremble beneath your feet. Eddie turned pale as a leaf, and you could tell he was growing more anxious with every passing second. "*Hey, hey, calm down, I'm here. Give me that.*" You took the beers he was holding out of his hands, which were starting to cramp around the cans.

You didn't really want to touch Eddie, fearing you might scare him again, but he seemed unresponsive and his legs were trembling so much you thought he might collapse at any given moment, so you gently took his hand and pulled him towards the sofa. He did get a little startled, but was able to follow you, completely silent and trying to control his erratic breaths. You sat him down and just stood there for a second, thinking of what to say or do.

Nothing came to mind, so you just made the most obvious, stupid question. "*Eddie, are you okay?*" He didn't respond, it wasn't necessary either. You sat down by his side, slowly putting a hand on his shoulder, making sure he could step away if he wanted to. He didn't, so you took it as a sign to speak again, softly this time. "*What's wrong, Eddie? Are you scared of the thunder? You can tell me, I won't make fun of you, I just want to help.*"

You could feel his body trembling under your hand, and he took a deep breath before answering. "*No, no. It's just- Just, the noise. It makes me a little anxious. It reminds me of- of-.*" You could see him getting more nervous again, so you decided to stop him before he could spiral again.

"*No, you don't need to say it. Don't force yourself, Eddie. We can talk about it any other time. I just want to know if there's anything I can do for you. I'm here.*" He eyed you from the side, and your words seemed to work a little. He focused on his breathing once again, and you gave him the time he needed to calm down. You caressed his shoulder from time to time, hoping the touch would help him calm down. The sound of another thunder ripped through the windows, and Eddie jolted up violently, letting out a soft whimper. "*Oh, Ed...*"

"*Can- Fuck, this is embarrassing. Can you hug me?*" He blurted it out, as if the simple thought of saying something like that burned his tongue.

"*Yes, yes of course.*" You tried to fit the two of you in a somehow comfortable position; Eddie's back was against your chest, and you could feel his every movement. You were a little nervous, and you hoped to god Eddie couldn't feel the speeding of your pulse. You'd thought about being like that more than once, being with him, but you couldn't let your mind wander in a moment like that. Eddie needed you, that was the most important thing. You hugged his torso with both arms, and he dropped his head back, his hair tickling your cheeks and nose.

None of you said anything for a long time. The storm seemed to have passed, and Eddie was finally calming down. It was nice, being that close to him. You thought about what would happen if you just told him how you felt right then and there. Maybe he'd freak out, tell you to get away from him. Or maybe he'd feel the same way, he'd tell you-

"*I think I love you.*" Eddie said. It was barely a whisper, you were surprised you'd even heard it at all.

"*What?*" was all you could say. For a moment, you were sure you'd fallen asleep. There was no way in hell or heaven Eddie fucking Munson had said that to you, you of all people. He didn't answer, didn't even flinch. "*What?*" you asked again. You moved away to look at his face; you had to make sure he was being serious. He averted your gaze, and even in the dim light you could see the red tint that crept up his ears. "*Eddie, do you mean that?*"

He looked into your eyes and mumbled a single word: "*Yes.*" You could feel your heart pulsing on the back of your throat, on your fingertips, on your stomach... Your blood running through your veins as your heart rate increased. You were paralysed. You wanted to tell him you loved him too, but your mouth was wide shut. "*Say something, please.*" Eddie was getting anxious, thinking he had got it all wrong, he'd fucked up bad.

You finally snapped out of it. "*I think I love you too.*" It felt natural to say it, somehow. Your mind seemed to have been shut off completely, your body moving by itself; your hand reached out to caress his cheek, and he closed his eyes, leaning on the touch. *He looks angelical. He's an angel.* you thought.

He opened his eyes and looked at you like there was nothing else he'd ever need. "*Can I kiss you?*" You weren't sure when exactly you'd started nodding frantically, but you whispered a soft *yes, and* he began to close the distance between the two. He stopped just before your lips met; you were so close you could feel his breathing hit your mouth.

And finally, he kissed you. You had always thought he'd be a rough kisser, eager and not shy at all, but he wasn't none of that. His lips weren't perfectly smooth, but he kissed you like he was scared you might break. Slowly, without rushing.

You thought you could stay like that all night; and if you did, that's no one's business.